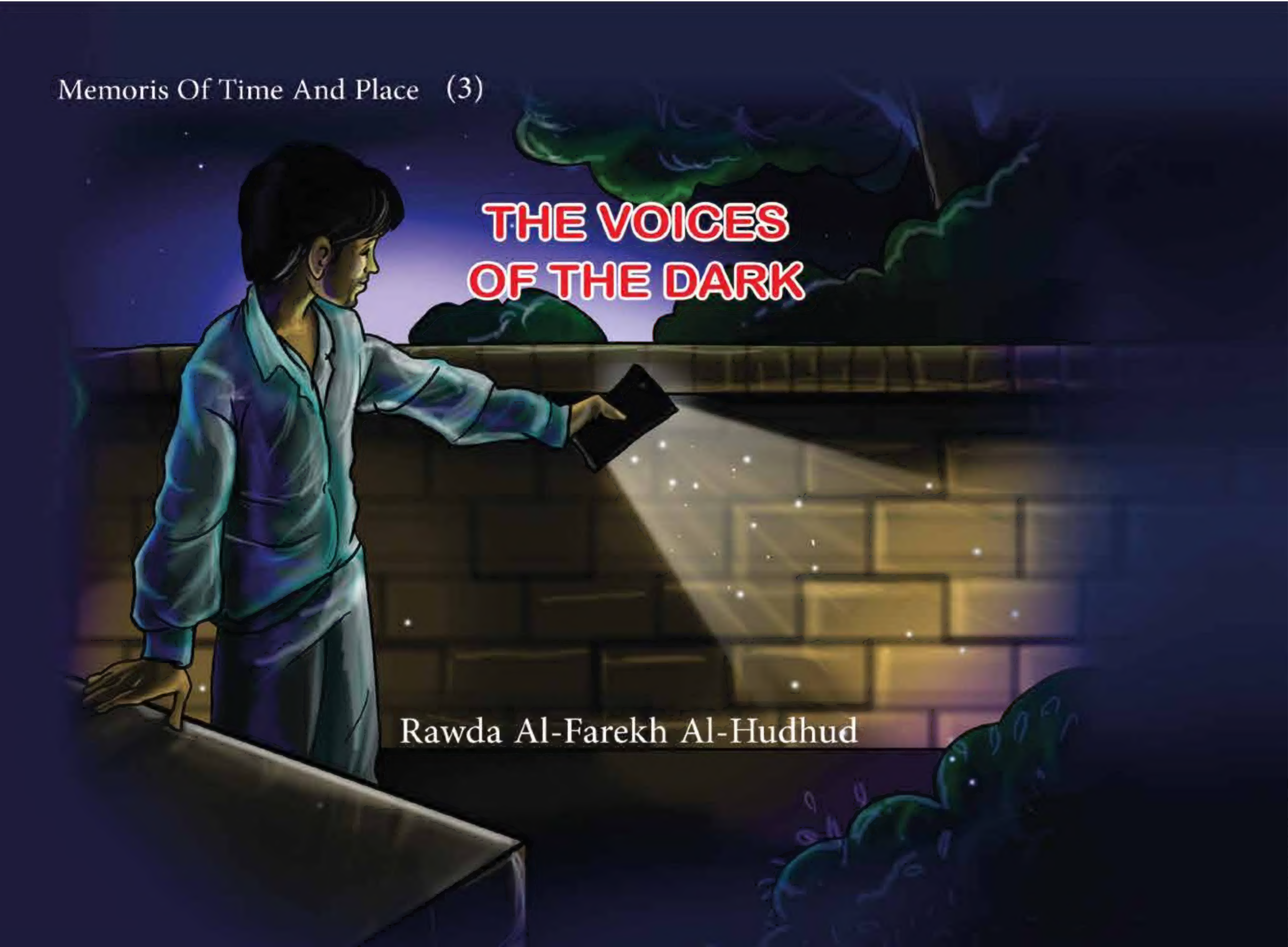

Memoris Of Time And Place (3)
THE VOICES
OF THE DARK
Rawda Al-Farekh Al-Hudhud

MEMORIES OF TIME AND PLACE ( 3 )

# THE VOICES OF THE DARK

Rawda Al-Farekh Al-Hudhud

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بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم
In The Name Of Allah
The Most Merciful
The Most Compassionate

# DEDICATION

To the martyr Mahmoud, to the thousands of martyrs, to Bourine Village and hundreds of Palestinian villages, standing tall alone against the forces of the Israeli Army which kills humans, takes out every tree, and destroys homes.

For the 'Arab Group For The Protection Of Nature'. For every individual in this Arab Nation, who supports with the Palestinians' right to take back their lands, homes and trees.

Mahmoud left his house to check the chicken's coop which was only a few steps away of his house. He is the eldest son in the family now, henceforth he must feed the chickens .His feet went deep in the soil, his heart was pumping very fast, as he is not used to walk in the dark or even feed the chickens, but his mother insisted that he should do that even if it is late.

He tried as much as he can to be brave, and started reciting some of the Holy Qur'an's verses so he would face the fear that dwelled inside his heart. It was only a couple of steps until he heard a whispering voice saying, "Mahmoud… Mahmoud… come over here!"

He looked around and found nobody!! He was paralyzed, and did not know what to do, should he scream, keep walking or go back? What would he tell his mother? What would his siblings say if they saw him back shivering and quivering?

Walking in baby steps, he heard the whispering once again, as if it was a snake's hissing.

"Mahmoud …. Mahmoud …., stand still, I will never let you walk in this land once again!"

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His fear has grown bigger as he moved his mobile phone light to see who was there, that is when his legs started shaking.

At that moment he decided to go home and let the chickens face their fate of dying unless they wait till the morning.

Mahmoud slipped into his bed, never telling anyone about what happened.

In the next morning, Mahmoud woke up early, dressed up, carried his bag and started marching to the university in Nablus, telling no one about what happened with him the day before, believing that it was just his imagination or his fear of the dark.

At noon, he found a letter before his house door, he opened it to see what it says,

"Mahmoud …Mahmoud, only few trees are left in your farm, I will pull them apart and your land will be ground bare, do you know what it means to have your farm bare, no trees? Do you know that your land is fenceless? Do you know what it means to have a land with no fence or trees? Or did you just forget that when your father died, the land now by law has no owner? I thought you should know in case you didn't, Read Mahmoud … Read …"



He folded the letter , put it away in his pocket and didn't show it to anyone, even to his mother, who felt that something was wrong when he was reading the letter and asked him who was it from, yet received no answer. Only after a while he responded that it was from his colleague in school. Then he heard his sister calling out for him.

"Mahmoud … Mahmoud …, come here!'"

Mahmoud acted fast and hid the letter in his pocket as if it was a dangerous secret, but his sister who was staring at him , knew what he was hiding and said , "I know about the letter that you received, I had read it before you did, and read one just like it when our father had received it."

Eman couldn't keep talking as she started crying and whining when she remembered her father. While shedding tears, she said,

"He had received the same letter before he martyrized, before they killed him right here in his land and between his trees. Remember, I read their threat of killing if he kept growing trees and farming his land in that letter, they always wanted to take over our land, to knock down all owners, all trees and all buildings.


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Here they are once again, threatening you, I can't afford to lose you just like we lost our father!"

Eman burst into tears, holding her brother tightly to her chest, doesn't want to lose him like she lost her father.

Mahmoud calmed his sister reassuring her, "Allah will not forget us, he is always with us.", then asked her to go to bed.

That night, after Eman had gone to sleep, Mahmoud stayed up late, using the computer to read about the Israeli law , regarding "ground bare lands with no trees, fence or owners,", at that point he felt that his heart is about to stop!! because the law that the invaders have issued to take over the land, has made it so much easier for them for countless reasons, which would even make their mission much easier.

Looking outside the window, Mahmoud started counting the trees in the land, these are olive trees, grape tree,  this is an old fig tree , its trunk is way too big to any hands to wrap around , that is an orange tree, over there is a lemon tree, even that guava tree still has its fruits on, waiting to be picked !





Mahmoud slept tight feeling safe about his trees, land and farm.

Later that night, Mahmoud woke up disturbed, carrying his cell-phone, and lit the torch looking through the window, when he found no one , he got back to sleep , but he couldn't because he heard someone whispering , "Mahmoud … Mahmoud…"

In the early morning, Mahmoud woke up to find that half of the trees that he counted the day before had been cut down on the ground!!

What kind of sinful criminal hands would cut down those trees, throw them to the ground and why?!!

Mahmoud went to wake his mother up, she woke up panicked to her son's screaming, "The trees mother, the trees, they cut down the trees, they cut them down!"

The mother rushed outside smacking her face, the olives, the grapes, the figs, all branches were all over the ground, and there she was, the mother fainted while Mahmoud went to get some water to drizzle on her!



When the mother recovered her consciousness she said to Mahmoud,
"We are weeks away from getting our land taken from us, using what? Using the law they have issued . The Israeli government has issued a bill to take over the Arab land, and it is only weeks or may be days left and they will take our land from us .
We have to work hard to save our land."
Mahmoud placed his hand on his forehead in an attempt to think and said, "How can we do that mother? My father was killed in order to justify that this land has no owner, and cut down its trees one after another, so they would say that this is a ground bare fenceless land.
What should we do and we don't have enough money to build a fence around it."
He continued "what to do mother? You and my young siblings are helpless, what shall we do mother, what shall we do?"
"Think my son, think, may Allah lead you to the way. This is our land, and we will never give it away to them", said the mother wistfully.
Eman was ears dropping to her brother's and mother's talk, eager to respond, and said,
"If any of the near colony's cowards dares to get into this land once again.



I will fight him with my own hands, no one shall dare to come near our house. Do you think that 'Ahed Al-Tamimi 'who assaulted the Israeli soldier is tougher than me, or braver than me?! No, I fear for my brother Mahmoud, but I will not fear for my-self any more, and I will stand up for our land."

Eman had barely mentioned Ahed's name, then went back to her room and shut the door fiercely, she knew Ahed, before she appeared on cell-phones, You-Tube and T.V channels, hitting the Israeli soldier that assaulted her brother. Her photos are everywhere, in court, in prison and on T.V. Every one admired her audacity and bravery against tens of the Israeli soldiers surrounding her with guns, rifles and bombs, she stood up against them with determination, she defended her home and her siblings, why can't Eman be like her?

Eman said to herself, "I'll call her, yes I will call her today."

As for Mahmoud, he took off to his room, and started looking up the internet for information regarding cutting down trees of Palestine, or taking off trees in general, or even for charities that defend Palestine's trees. He was surprised by a call from his friend Ashraf.





Ashraf said, “My elder brother has told me to call, and tell you the he and his colleagues in the university wish to help you with your struggle against Zionists, who are attacking your land. We know what you and your family suffer from!”
Mahmoud almost dropped the phone off his hand when he heard his friend’s offer. Are they really capable of defending his land, his trees and his chickens? Are they capable of standing up for his land in front of these criminal invaders?
Within less than an hour, Mahmoud, Ashraf, and his friends in Al-Najah University, have created what’s app group, and a special internet website so they would communicate together in case any of the invaders tried to get close to Mahmoud’s house or his trees. Days later, the guys managed alongside the help of Eman, Ahed Al-Tamimi and a couple of her friends to raise a huge amount of money to buy the needed fence to protect the farm.
The mother wondered, “Where did you get all these donations from?”
Mahmoud answered, “Good people mother are everywhere, here in Palestine, there in Jordan, in Kuwait, in United Arab Emirates, in Egypt and in Tunisia….”
The mother replied merrily “ Oooh I got it, I understand my son , good people are everywhere, and Allah never forgets his believers.”



Few days later, tens of young volunteers showed up at Mahmoud's farm, carrying hundreds of little and big trees. They started implanting them while singing happily.
A hundred olive trees, twenty grape plants both kinds Halawany and Banaty , ten guava trees, another twenty lemon trees, ten trees of Innab and fig.
Then, the wire fence around the whole farm with a gigantic iron gate and a huge lock can be seen.
Later that evening, the volunteers, boys and girls hung huge banners by the chickens' coop, it says on one banner,

**"We are staying here, yes, we are staying here"**

Another banner says,

**"They take out a tree, we plant ten"**

Eman, Mahmoud, their mother and their friends started taking photos for their memorable moments. Before the acquaintances left, Eman had asked them to contact her whenever they want to compensate the loss of any tree that the invaders take out.

Eman is not of less strength than any other Arab girl, who would defend the authenticity of her country ‘Palestine’.

Carrying a big tray made of hay, with bags of eggs, olives, dried figs, the mother gave each volunteer of the boys and girls a gift from her farm products, and she promised them more of that in the upcoming years.

As for Mahmoud, he unified with his friends, their siblings and their friends, they all promised to keep all of their cell-phones, computers ready to help any other families that need help.

Later, he placed the key underneath his Pillow, closing his hand tightly on it, falling into deep sleep, but he woke up panicked when he heard a sound whispering,

“Mahmoud ..., Mahmoud, wake up, help your friend Ashraf, he has been arrested and taken to jail.”

**** The End ****